

THE KING REVIEWS WELSH FUSILIERS AT CAMBRIDGE

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,527.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1915

One Halfpenny.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN ARMY HAS DONE MAGNIFICENT WORK IN THE PERSIAN GULF AND DEFEATED THE TURKS.

G.6140 H



Guns of a mountain battery on the deck of a transport.

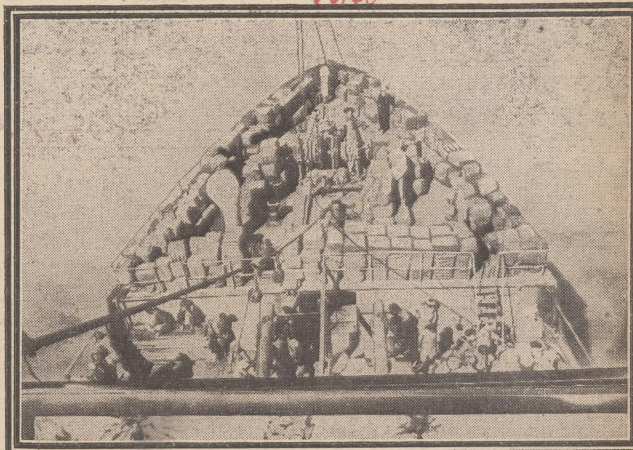
G.6140 H

G.6140 H



Indian troops on transport.

The recent operations of the Anglo-Indian forces in the Persian Gulf have been crowned with great success. The Turkish forces were met and defeated. They fled, leaving guns and ammunition and wounded. Basra has been occupied by our Army, and, inci-



Fo'c'sle head of a liner transport with bales of bhoosa for protecting ship.

dentally, a terrible blow has been thus delivered to German prestige in Turkey. Our Indian troops have fought with splendid heroism. In the early stages of the campaign the conditions were very rough, but these were triumphed over by dogged determination.

"ITALY MUST COME IN BEFORE MAY."

General Ricciotti Garibaldi and Lure of 'The Old Red Shirt.'

HATED AUSTRIA.

"Italy must play her part in this war before May—before it is too late!

"And there is but one part she can play—fight for freedom and liberty on the side of her true friends, England and France."

These were the vigorous words uttered by General Ricciotti Garibaldi, son of the famous Italian Liberator, who is now in London, in a special interview which he accorded to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

A splendid, picturesque figure, this veteran general, with his flowing grey beard and patriarchal felt hat, instantly commands respect.

The fact that he leans on crutches detracts nothing from the dignity of his presence. As he talks of his beloved Italy his lustrous eyes glow with the fire of enthusiasm, and it is an enthusiasm that inspires love and interest.

Two of his sons have already given their lives in the cause of liberty, having fallen on the field of honour while serving under the French flag.

"OUR PEOPLE'S LOVE FOR YOURS."

General Garibaldi speaks English perfectly, and his wife is an Englishwoman.

He has mixed much with English-speaking people and he speaks of Britain and the British, who had so warm a corner in their hearts for his father, with affectionate love.

But he is a little disappointed with England's attitude towards Italy.

"It is very friendly, it is true," he said, "but you British do not seem to appreciate the full extent of our people's love for yours—of our peoples' desire to help you."

"Italy wants to join you. The whole country, with the exception of a few unhappy Socialists and clericals—is impatiently clamouring for Government action in favour of the Allies."

"The people fully understand in which direction the both Italy's duty and interests."

"Intervention cannot now long be delayed, delicate and difficult as the position is, and German gold notwithstanding."

"Both Germany and Austria are hated, and hatred against Austria is most intense. Even leaders of the popular parties have the greatest difficulty in preventing great demonstrations against her."

The General went on to discuss the reasons of his visit to London.

He said he was here not in any official capacity, but as the representative of the Garibaldi tradition—of all the Liberal elements in Italy, who are feverishly waiting for Italy to take the field.

VISIT TO LORD MAYOR.

He wants to clear the situation so that Italy may enter the field at the earliest possible moment.

In Paris he discussed the situation with M. Poincaré, President of the Republic, and members of the French Government, and here, during a short stay, he will also be received by leading members of the Government. Yesterday he saw the Lord Mayor.

General Garibaldi also spoke of the part the Italian volunteers serving with the French Foreign Legion are playing in the war.

"Of 3,000 of them nearly a third have already laid down their lives, including two of my six sons. They are fighting for nationality—for the freedom of the Latin race."

I shall make an effort to raise £240,000 to organise and equip 30,000 Garibaldians for the war."

"I can always command this number of men if I had means to equip them."

"They would flock to the old red shirt of liberty and freedom from all parts of the world."

PRISON FOR BOGUS V.C.

A bogus "V.C. hero" was sent to prison at Bow-street yesterday.

He was Bombardier Lancelot D. Chapman, of the R.F.A., who, when arrested, was found wearing the V.C., the French Military Medal, the Distinguished Conduct Medal, the Legion of Honour and the Order of Leopold.

He at first told the police that he had won the Victoria Cross at Mons and that the King had presented it to him in France, but, on being charged as a deserter, he admitted that he had bought the V.C. and other decorations at curiosity shops.

Yesterday evidence was called in respect of two charges against prisoner of obtaining money by false pretences. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the first case and four months' in the second, the sentences to run consecutively.

FAMINE SHADOW OVER BERLIN.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 11.—Hundreds of people in front of the grocers' shops in Berlin are asking, "Where can we get potatoes?" In many shops there is fighting between the women and the shopkeepers.

German breweries have been ordered to reduce their output in the future. Forty per cent. of the bakeries are in a state of ruin, and 310 in Berlin alone have closed. The situation is much the same everywhere. The spirit of the people is one of anxiety and worry.

The municipalities are making special arrangements for the care of the poor.—Exchange.

OMNIBUS' FATE IN FOG.

Sandwiched Between Van and Tramway Car and Badly Wrecked.

TWO PASSENGERS HURT.

Yesterday began in a thick white misty fog which threatened at times to develop into a "fog-lar pea-souper." By noon, however, the fog had disappeared, leaving behind it a beautiful clear, sunny day with blue skies and a refreshing breeze.

The discomforts of the fog were increased in the early morning by the cold, the temperature at 9 a.m. being 37deg. Later in the day—at 1 p.m.—the thermometer registered 44deg. In the sun it was 53deg.

Fog incidents were numerous in the early morning. Suburban trains were late and traffic generally was disorganised.

A somewhat serious collision between a motor-omnibus and an L.C.C. tramway-car occurred in the Lambeth Palace-road shortly after 8 a.m.

A motor-car which was following the omnibus ran into the back of it and was slightly damaged.

Two outside passengers were injured—Sydney Brockhurst, twenty-seven, of Sisters-avenue, Clapham Common, who sustained a broken leg, and R. Ellicott, sixteen, of Wandsworth, whose nose was badly bruised. Several inside passengers complained of shock, but were unhurt.

At the time of the accident the omnibus had just overtaken a van. It tried to pass this vehicle and collided with a tramway-car which was coming towards it. It became sandwiched between the van and the tramway-car and was badly wrecked.

COLD WATER COMEDY.

Bright Asides at Railway Meeting—"Pet Trains" Grumbler and Lord Kitchener.

There were flashes of merry humour at two sedate railway company meetings yesterday.

Sir William Hart Dyke, who presided at the ordinary general meeting of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company, said, next to the loss of a favourite pet dog, nothing irritated the English people more than the loss of a pet nose.

If it was any satisfaction to them, he had lost his. He now had to drive some distance on these cold mornings in order to catch the only train which enabled him to get to town in comfort.

At the joint general meeting of the South-Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover Railway Companies Mr. Cosmo Bonser, who presided, said that there were a number of grumblers at the dislocated train service.

As soon as the facts were put before them the grumbling ceased, he believed, with one exception.

He was told that one gentleman who was not satisfied wrote to Lord Kitchener.

Mr. Manuel, a shareholder, complained that at the Broadstairs and Tunbridge Wells Stations in the twentieth century one could not get a glass of water, let alone reasonable refreshment.

Another shareholder ironically suggested that the chairman should throw cold water on the subject.

The chairman said that he thought the suggestion was a good one. Having known Mr. Manuel a good many years, he should have thought he would be more likely to complain of not getting whisky with his water.

The chairman said that during the first ten days of the war not a single body of troops waited for a train.

200 GERMAN SOLDIERS DESERT.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 11.—The *Telegraaf* learns from Bergen-op-Zoom that considerable excitement was aroused in Antwerp on Tuesday night owing to 200 German soldiers having failed to attend the roll-call.

The houses of a number of civilians were at once thoroughly searched by the military. Clothes belonging to the deserters were found in some of these houses.—Reuter.

9 11916 9

This is a party of German prisoners who have been captured by the British during some of the recent fighting. They are looking very depressed.



SLEEPING PASSENGERS.

Ex-Churchwarden's Railway Adventure Leads to Claim for Damages.

A PLATFORM SURPRISE.

A remarkable scene on Paddington Railway Station was described yesterday to Mr. Justice Lush in an action by Mr. John Gibbs, of Cable-street, St. George's-in-the-East, against the Great Western Railway Company claiming damages for alleged false imprisonment and assault.

Mr. Brandon, for the plaintiff, said that Mr. Gibbs had been for fourteen years a member of the Stepney Borough Council and was a late churchwarden. He was a sergeant in the City of London Roughriders.

On June 22, while returning in a train from Maidenhead, he and a man named Martin fell asleep. At Westbourne Park a ticket-collector demanded tickets, which Mr. Gibbs could not find for the moment.

A porter, who was told to "look after" the plaintiff and Martin until they got to Paddington, got into the carriage and locked both doors. By the time they got to Paddington Mr. Gibbs found the tickets.

A police-constable, however, took the ticket from the plaintiff and said: "I am going to take you for breaking the window of the carriage." Both were taken to the stationmaster's office and detained for a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Brandon then denied that he refused to give his name and address, and said the window was broken by another passenger, who exclaimed when both the carriage doors were locked, "I am not a fool, if both of you are."

Stanley King, a ticket-collector, said Mr. Gibbs refused his name, and said, "You won't get any tickets."

A number of other witnesses (called for the defence) stated they saw Martin break the carriage window with his foot.

The hearing was adjourned.

3,000 LAUGH AS ONE.

What Pleased Soldiers' and Sailors' Children at Drury Lane Pantomime.

Three thousand children—the little sons and daughters of our soldiers and sailors—had a memorable treat at Drury Lane Theatre yesterday, where they were entertained to a performance of "The Sleeping Beauty."

It was a wonderful audience. In the royal box sat the Queen, Princess Mary and Prince Albert. Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal and Princess Maud were also of the royal party.

The Queen was in heliotope with hat and feathers to match. Queen Alexandra wore a cloak of black and gold trimmed with fur.

In other parts of the theatre were women of distinction, the Duchess of Rutland, Mrs. Asquith, Lady Jellicoe and other notabilities bringing parties with them.

But the greater part of the house was packed with happy little children, who gazed with awe upon the beauties of the transformation scenes.

It was, however, the knockabout business which brought the greatest demonstration of amusement, and when the Duke of Monte Blanco (Mr. George Graves) tripped over his robes, and Pompos (Mr. Will Evans) and Finnykin (Mr. Stanley Lupino) indulged in somewhat similar antics peals of childish laughter rent the air.

WOULD NOT SURPRISE HIM.

Judge Rentoul at the Old Bailey yesterday, in a case in which a man was charged with fraudulent conversion, inquired of a witness for the prosecution if it was desired to press the charge, and the witness replied "No."

"Well," said the Judge, "would it surprise you if I found him over to receive sentence if called upon?"

"I should not be surprised at anything you did, my lord," replied the witness amid laughter, in which Judge Rentoul joined. Defendant was bound over.

9 11916 9

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PATHETIC PLEA OF 'SAUSAGE ON LEGS.'

Dachshund Finds 'It's a Dog's Life' and Tries to Justify Himself.

BORN ON ENGLISH SOIL.

"It is no fun being a dachshund in these days!"

This is the sentiment of Ensign, a young dachshund residing at Hayter-road, Brixton-hill.

His photograph appeared in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*. It showed him looking nervously over his shoulder, as if in fear of attacks from behind. "If ever there was a spy dog—that's the beast!" said the ungenerous public.

Ensign wishes to get his character right with the British public. He wishes these facts to be made known—

He was born on English soil, and so were his ancestors for many years past.

He claims to be distantly related to the "spit" dogs that turned the joints at the court of Henry VIII.

He strongly resents the remarks which are made to him whenever he goes out.

WORM OF A DOG.

"Poor Ensign has not been a very happy dog since the war broke out," said Mrs. Sherwood, the animal's mistress, to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "He has every reason to look nervous and rather frightened when out of doors. Nobody has a kind word for him, and even children call him names."

Some of the remarks, for instance, which have been addressed to him or his dachshund friends by schoolboys and others in the street are as follows—

"Why don't you go back home and fight for your country? We don't want you here!"

"Oh, mummie, look at all these drain-pipes coming along!"

"Look! There goes a German sausage on legs!"

"What a worm of a dog!"

"With such a hostile spirit on all sides, it is to be wondered at that Ensign looks suspicious!" said Mrs. Sherwood.

Yesterday he was curled up in the corner of his cage at a London dog show. Only the tip of his nose was showing.

WHERE'S YOUR HELMET?

"Nice dog, good dog," said a visitor. Immediately he jumped and wagged his tail at the sound of a friendly voice. A fiery little schipperke (a dog hailing from Holland) nearly yapped at him savagely.

"Where's your helmet?" said the irrepressible wit who passed by at that moment.

If there is anybody the dog hates more than anybody else it is the artist who depicted him, in a famous comic paper, wearing a German helmet, sitting up on his hind legs, doing tricks before Uncle Sam!

Mrs. Saunders, of Chetwood-road, Upper Tooting, who owns several dachshunds, told *The Daily Mirror* that the public might be kinder to these animals when they realised that the dachshunds of England had already collected nearly 200 shillings on behalf of the poor Belgians in this country.

ACT OF MERCY FOR SOLDIER'S WIFE

The sentence of imprisonment passed at Middlesex Sessions on the wife of a Scots Guardsman home wounded from the front for fraudulently obtaining £2 15s. from the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association has been remitted.

"I find that the Court reduced the sentence of four months to one month," says Mr. McKenna in Parliamentary Papers, "but the exceptional and distressing circumstances attending the case, and the fact that the prisoner has a good character prior to this conviction, have led me to the conclusion that the case is one in which, without questioning the decision of the Court, I should be justified in recommending His Majesty, as a special act of clemency, to remit the remainder of the sentence."

WATER AND LOVE.

"Can a man live without water? No. Neither can I live without you. You are my all. Did a man ever love as I love you?"

This extract from a letter was read in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mr. W. Blake Scobie, a traveller, petitioned for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife with the co-respondent, Douglas R. Drummond, a youth of eighteen.

The husband, it was stated, searched in the garden at night with a cycle lamp, and found torn pieces of paper, which he pieced together. He read them, and asserts that they were written by the co-respondent to his wife.

The hearing was adjourned.

WHERE THE JUDGE WENT WRONG

"I cannot see on what words of the contract reliance can be placed to prove that the artist was liable to pay damages if he did not appear through illness," said the Lord Chief Justice in the Appeal Court yesterday in ordering a new trial of a case Mr. Justice Ridley had decided.

The case was one in which the Grimsby Palace Theatre and Buffet, Ltd., had obtained judgment for £100 against Mr. Billy Merson, the comedian, for alleged breach of contract.

The Judge had found that on the contract illness afforded no excuse for Mr. Merson's non-appearance at the theatre. "The Judge has gone wrong," remarked the Lord Chief Justice.

GERMANS START PIRACY BY TRYING TO TORPEDO BRITISH LINER

Blue Funnel Ship's Exciting Race with Huns' Death-Dealing Submarine.

DASH AT FULL SPEED INTO DUTCH PORT.

French Losses Serious in Violent Battle That Is Raging in Argonne.

AIR BOMBS DROPPED INTO ALLIES' LINES.

The Germans have begun their piratical campaign against unarmed merchant shipping. An attack has been made off the coast of Holland by the submarine U 2 on the Holt liner Laertes, which was carrying passengers. Ordered to stop, the Laertes put on an extra turn of speed. The submarine fired a torpedo, which passed close by the vessel's side, and then gave chase.

She failed to catch her quarry, which escaped into the Dutch port of Ymuiden.

Details of an important success gained by British troops near La Bassee were received yesterday in London.

The Germans were entrenched in a strong position. After big guns had heavily shelled the enemy's lines, causing great demoralisation, the British troops charged with the bayonet. Taken by surprise and having no heart for a hand-to-hand fight, a big force of the Kaiser's troops threw down their arms in an ignominious surrender.

Heavy losses were inflicted on the Germans, but the British casualties were slight.

HOW LINER ESCAPED U 2'S DEATH TRAP.

Captain Ignores Submarine Order to Stop, and Dodges Torpedo.

YMUIDEN, Feb. 11.—The British steamer Laertes, which arrived here this morning, reports that yesterday afternoon when off the Mass lightship she was attacked by a German submarine.

The submarine discharged a torpedo, which, however, missed the steamer, and, when damaged by the explosion, was confined to a number of small perforations in the funnel, probably caused by bullets fired from a mitrailleuse mounted on the submarine.

FUNNEL HIT BY BULLETS.

I have interviewed the captain of the Laertes, who states that at 4 p.m. yesterday, when miles S.S.W. of the Mass lightship he was ordered to stop by a German submarine.

He refused to obey the order, and gave orders for the Dutch flag to be hoisted.

In his opinion he was justified in taking this action, because he had a number of foreigners on board, including many Chinese.

The Laertes then put on full speed, and as she did so some shots were fired from a mitrailleuse on board the submarine, the bullets striking the funnel and a ventilator.

She, however, out-distanced her pursuer, which, after chasing her for about three-quarters of an hour, discharged a torpedo, happily without success.

The Laertes arrived at Amsterdam to-day flying the British flag.—Central News.

An Exchange message states that the torpedo passed alongside the Laertes.

The submarine which attacked the Laertes is reported by the Exchange to have been the U 2. The Laertes is a vessel of 4,541 tons, belonging to the Ocean Steamship Company (Messrs. Holt and Co.), and was en route from Europe from Java.

DACIA'S "TEST" VOYAGE.

NORFOLK (Virginia), Feb. 11.—The Dacia has sailed.—Reuter.

The Dacia (3,545 tons) is a cotton-laden steamer which was bought by an American of German extraction—Mr. E. N. Bretting—from her German owners, the Hamburg-American Line.

She will attempt to take her cotton to Rotterdam, in Holland under the American flag. Had Britain declared cotton to be contraband of war the Dacia could not have been permitted to sail under any flag with a German consignment.

The Dacia's sale is not recognised by the British Government, and therefore if the vessel is seized after leaving American territorial waters—i.e., the three-mile limit—it will be for the purpose of enabling a British prize court to inquire into the question of the legality of her transfer from the German to the American flag. Thus her voyage may be termed a test voyage.

IS WILHELMINA'S CARGO TO BE SEIZED?

Cabinet to Decide Destination of Grain Intended For Germany.

The mystery surrounding the fate of the American steamer Wilhelmina, bound for Germany with a cargo, including 900,000lb. of wheat, 840,000lb. of maize and other food material, was deepened last night.

It was stated earlier in the day that the cargo had been seized at Falmouth, but later this was denied.

Early this morning an Exchange telegram announced that the steamer had received orders to sail for a port in the Bristol Channel. It is not known when she will leave Falmouth.

The Press Association learns officially that as the vessel put into Falmouth owing to weather, the question of seizure was, by purely fortuitous circumstances, avoided.

The question of what will be done with the Wilhelmina's cargo is a Cabinet matter.

SHIP PURCHASE BILL ABANDONED.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—Following a conference with the President and the administrative officers, the political leaders have abandoned their intention to abandon their efforts to push the Ship Bill through the Senate.

It is understood that what will be practically a new Bill will be presented prohibiting the purchase of interned vessels.—Central News.

BRITISH SURPRISE HUNS.

PARIS, Feb. 11.—A telegram from Bethune states that the capture of the brickfield at Violaines was an important success for the British. The Germans were strongly entrenched there, but, being taken by surprise and unmanned by the deadly fire of two British field pieces, they offered only a small show of resistance, and when the British charged they speedily surrendered.

It is estimated that the Germans lost 1,000 men killed and wounded, while the British losses barely amounted to 100.

After fierce fighting the British succeeded in taking, on the night of Saturday and Sunday, two German trenches near Festubert, capturing 500 prisoners.

The Germans taken prisoners at Violaines and Festubert would seem to belong to a class only recently sent to the front. Among them are quite young boys and their uniforms are brand new.

On Sunday a German aeroplane came down in the British lines near Richebourg, and the officers who were on board were taken prisoners.—Reuter.

ATTACKING COLUMNS SMASHED.

PARIS, Feb. 11.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

The enemy delivered a violent bombardment against Nieuport and the banks of the Yser, but only caused some material damage. Our artillery replied with good effect.

In the Argonne, in the region of Bagatelle, after a violent engagement with bomb-throwers which lasted all the morning, a German attack was made at 1 p.m. against the Marie Thérèse works.

It was carried out in line of columns of fours on a front of 500 yards, and was smashed by the fire of artillery and infantry. The enemy left a very large number of dead on the field.

In the Vosges, south of the Chateau de Lusse, north of the Sainte Marie Pass, we occupied one of the enemy's trenches by a coup-de-main. At several points there were very fierce artillery engagements.—Reuter.

FRENCH LOSSES SERIOUS.

PARIS, Feb. 11.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

Along the whole front as far as Champagne there were artillery duels.

In the northern region there were several air sorties on both sides. The projectiles dropped by

the enemy's aeroplanes into our lines had no effect.

In Champagne a German attack on the woods of which we recently gained possession to the north of Mesnil-les-Hurlus was repulsed.

We have maintained all our positions. The enemy's losses are considerable and ours are serious.

The infantry engagement reported yesterday at La Fontenelle, in the Ban-de-Sapt, took place on an intensely dark night.

After having yielded some ground our troops regained it yesterday almost entirely by a series of counter-attacks.—Reuter.

HUNS MASS FRESH TROOPS AGAINST RUSSIA.

New Formations Concentrated from Centre of Germany Taking Offensive.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 11.—A dispatch from the Headquarters Staff of the Commander-in-Chief says:—

In Eastern Prussia the concentration of very great German forces has been definitely established. These forces, taking the offensive, are



A.B. Henry W. Murrell and his bride. They were married at Wood Green yesterday, the bridegroom being given forty-eight hours' leave.

developing it, especially in the directions of Wilkowitzki and Lyck.

The presence of new formations which have arrived at the front from the centre of Germany has been revealed.

HOLDING THE ENEMY.

Our troops are falling back from the line of the Mazurian Lakes towards our frontier, holding the enemy as they do so.

On the right bank of the Vistula there have been partial collisions. On the left bank there has only been a cannonade.

In the Carpathians we repulsed enemy attacks east of the Usjok Pass and an offensive by the Germans against the heights of Koziomoka.

We took the heights near Rabbe, east of the Lupkow Pass, after a stubborn fight, and captured about 1,000 prisoners and a gun.—Reuter.

AUSTRIANS CLAIM SUCCESS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 11.—The official communiqué issued in Vienna to-day says:—

West of the Usjok Pass Russian attacks and some partial advances were repulsed with heavy losses for the enemy.

In the wooded mountains and in the Bukovina we advanced. Several hundred prisoners and some machine guns were captured.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 11.—Telegrams from Budapest state that Austro-Hungarian troops have occupied Gura-Humora. The Austrian authorities in Bukovina have returned to Dorna Watra and the Russian Administration has already left Czernowitz.—Central News.



This is a party of German prisoners who have been captured by the British during some of the recent fighting. They are looking very depressed.

PREMIER HOPES FOR CHEAPER FOOD.

Admiralty Adopting Measures to Secure More Ships for Coast Trade.

MR. BONAR LAW'S CRITICISM.

Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons last night, outlined the measures the Government thought it desirable to take regarding the rise in food prices.

The Government's proposals, he said, included the following:—

Admiralty to release merchant ships in their employ at the earliest possible moment.

Redistribution of ships on various trade routes and release of fourteen ships used for prisoners.

Railway companies to give precedence over all other goods traffic to food stuffs and perishables, subject to military requirements.

The debate was continued to-day, and Mr. Asquith indicated that if there was a general desire for a third day it would be given.

The following were among other important announcements made by Mr. Asquith:—

The Government are considering the question of adopting more stringent regulations regarding German trade in view of the flagrant violations by the enemy of the ordinary rules of warfare.

Arrangements will be made to publish an official communiqué from Sir John French twice a week.

Sixty per cent. of the wounded in the Expeditionary Force have recovered, and have become suitable for service.

WHY WHEAT IS DEAR.

The rise in the price of commodities, stated in its most extreme terms, proceeded Mr. Asquith, was substantially below the level which might have been anticipated if a war of the present magnitude and duration had been apprehended.

Comparing retail prices in July of last year and at February 1 of this year they found the following rise:—

In London 23.9 per cent.
In other large towns 22.8 per cent.
In small towns and villages 20.4 per cent.

Comparing the prices that existed at February 1 of last year and February 1 of this year with the three years' average, they found the following percentage increases:—

Since Last Year. On 3 Yrs. Ave.
Wheat 72 per cent. 66 per cent.
Flour 75 per cent. 66 per cent.
British meat 6 per cent. 12 per cent.
Foreign meat 12 per cent. 19 per cent.
Sugar 72 per cent. 43 per cent.
Coal 15 per cent. 14 per cent.

HIGH PRICES IN BAZAARS.

The rise in the price of wheat was due to diminished supply and increased demand. After June there would be no great shortage in the world's wheat supplies.

The diminished supply was due to shortage of Australian crops, high prices in the bazaars of India and the closing of the Dardanelles (there were 10,000,000qrs. of wheat lying in the bazaars of the Black Sea unavailable and to the devastations of the crops of Belgium and France).

The increased demand was due to the increased consumption of the armies of Europe, as compared with the consumption of the individuals composing them in civil life.

The increase in the price was also due to difficulties of transport and rise in freights.

The increase in the cost of coal was largely due to the rise in coastwise freights.

The Government had released twenty vessels from internment for this trade, with the result that rates had been reduced from 13s. 6d. to 11s.

BUSINESS BOARD WANTED.

Mr. Bonar Law thought the Government might have done a little more than they had done.

At the beginning of the war they might have bought up a large quantity of wheat, and termed ships should have been used earlier.

If he had had the power he would have set up a board of business men to deal with interned ships in a businesslike way.

If the remedies suggested by the Government failed he believed they had quite as much right to seize the shipping organisations as they had to seize individuals in case of need.

GRANNY'S VOYAGE IN TUB.

The attempted escape, capture and subsequent release of an aged Belgian woman named Witas are vividly described in a letter received by her son, who, with his family, is staying at Prestatyn (Pintshire).

When the Germans reached Malines Mme. Witas, who occupied a large farm near the town, fled with her daughter and three grandchildren.

There being no boats available, she and her relatives tried to cross the Louvain canal in a washtub, and while doing so they were fired upon by the Germans, being afterwards captured.

Mme. Witas was detained for several days, but was eventually allowed to return to her home, where she found all her stock, except one pig, had been taken away.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1915.

WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE.

Most of us have by now had opportunities of finding out "what war is really like" from people back from the front. Before they came, these mud-stained friends and relatives of yours, you imagined that they would bring you stories of heroism and of war-idealism. They would give you a glimpse of charges and rescues, wonderful deaths and endurance; at least, that was what it ought to have been, and must have been, you suppose, in any war but this. About this war, however, in all but the first few weeks of it, those who return have mainly to describe a long series of monotonous, muddled days, spent in wondering how long it will go on. Not that their essential heroism in "sticking it" for so long does not represent a greater effort than that involved in tremendous dashes and bold deeds; but it is clear that dullness is in the West the main impression, and this is deepened by the prevailing opinion everywhere that "nobody wanted it," and yet that now we've got it we must all go on with it till the end, whenever that end may be. "And it looks as though that end might not be for a hundred years," said one officer, "as far as our little lot are concerned!" A charming picture of war!

We asked another man, who was telling us about the exchange of pleasantries between enemies on Christmas Day, what the Germans opposite him said about it. "They wanted to get home, and 'home' in many cases happened to be London!" "And our men?"

"They grouse a good bit, and want to get back."

"And the French?"

"Well, the peasants go on digging, and say they suppose it'll end when the *bon Dieu* ends it."

This is war. This is adventure and excitement. And you may answer, not unjustly: "Thank goodness it is dull; for dullness is the best defeat for the war-idealism of Germany. They won't want war again after this. They won't be able to picture war so enthusiastically to their own people."

Perhaps—not for a little while at least. But we cannot find it consoling to reflect upon this real paradox of the European position—that a huge majority doesn't want war and yet has it: that a minority, idealising war, forces the majority into it. If we were told that the nations were aflame to fight one another, we should say: "That can be changed in time." But how can we change a situation that represents the exact opposite of "everybody's" wishes—a situation that is not an outcome of the European will, but clean contrary to it? And if—as thus appears—Europe cannot control its own will, what is to become of Europe? Presumably it must regard wars as inevitable and as regrettable as earthquakes; and nearly as far beyond human control as those unprovoked attacks of Nature. W. M.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

'Tis true—with shame and grief I yield—
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field;
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come:
And slow how'er my marches be
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear—forgive
The crime—I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

—HENRY KING.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE GOD OF WAR.

"W. D. S." says that "war, in whatever cause waged, is utterly opposed to the will of God," but, like all who agree with him, he only tells us what we ought not to have done, not what we ought to have done.

We therefore have a right to think that he does not face the consequences of his doctrine. Does he think that Belgium ought to have let Germany through to attack France at an advantage? That France ought to have looked on while the Germans marched into Paris, and that Great Britain ought to have looked on at it all and waited till her own turn came?

Perhaps he thinks that if no resistance had been offered by anybody Germany would have done no mischief of a physical kind—in short,

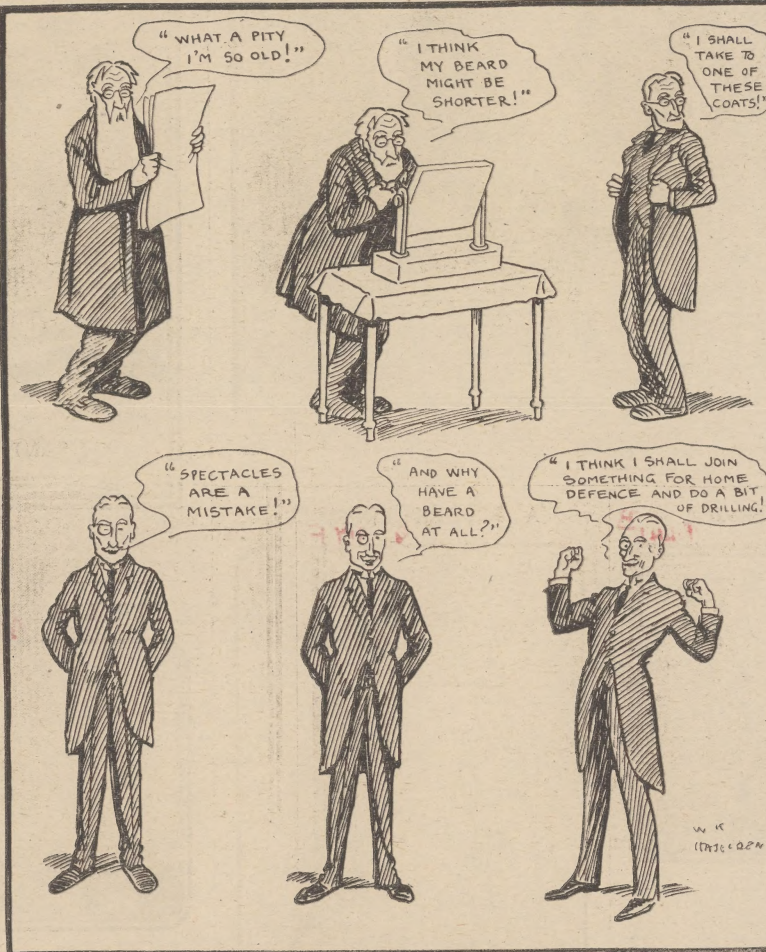
trary, I deliberately left it out of account as not bearing directly on the point I was trying to make.

In case, however, "C. S. S." thinks that victory can be ascribed to God via the morale of the victorious army, may I point out that in nine cases out of ten the vanquished also believe their cause righteous? W. D. S.

PITY OR CRUELTY?

"X. L." asks of those inclined to denounce Nature as cruel that they should consider the several points he puts forward. One of those points is: "Man is part of Nature, and man is not always cruel. What about the tidal wave of pity for the wrongs of Belgium that has swept round the world?" Here is an antithesis that

STRANGELY REJUVENATING EFFECT OF THE WAR.



It is the time for youth. The old are left out of it. If they want to help, they too must grow young, and that is precisely what many of them are doing pretty successfully.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

that we all ought to have let Germany do as she pleased, rather than commit the sin of armed opposition?

If so, he is for handing over the world to any unscrupulous Power which goes forth armed to seize it. He is putting the body above the soul. He is saying that the soul must suffer anything rather than risk the death of the body. This is proclaiming the Empire of that very physical force which seems to him so wicked when it defends hearth and home, that he cannot ask a blessing on it. Z.

CRIME IN WAR TIME.

CRIME is often largely connected with circumstances, and as the war has altered circumstances so do we see a lessening in crime. Of course, there are some people who are born criminals, and will remain so under any conditions whatsoever, and these are beyond hope of reform. CRIME.

BOTH IN THE RIGHT.

I AM obliged to "C. S. S." for pointing out what is perfectly true; that "the righteousness or otherwise of the cause has a most direct and vital influence on the morale of the forces supporting it."

I had not overlooked that fact: on the con-

trary, I suggest, to be considered correlatively: "Man is a part of Nature, and man is often cruel. Who wrought the wrongs of Belgium?" E. R. W.

THE MORAL THUNDERSTORM.

TO SAY that war is not the will of God is in principle just the same as to say that a thunderstorm is not the will of God, and to speak of "war that will end war" is as sensible as to speak of a thunderstorm that will end thunderstorms.

War is a moral thunderstorm. It is brought about by Nature's determination to restore the equilibrium which man has upset by living up to the ideas of his freedom of thought and action. T. J. LINEAR.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 11.—It may be interesting to mention the flowers that may be found in the open garden at this date. Snowdrops and winter aconites are now sheets of white and yellow, while the crocuses open beautiful white, yellow and mauve blossoms whenever the sun peeps forth.

The early hedge begins to be touched with pink and many coloured primroses may to-day be gathered. E. F. T.

ON LEAVE.

What Our Readers Hear from Soldiers Back from the Front.

MEDALS AND HEROISM.

I HAD the honour of talking with one of Kitchener's men on this subject, and the point of view he took so impressed me that I should like to be allowed to offer it for the consideration of your readers.

In an attempt to be encouraging, I had spoken jocularly of the welcome his native place would be sure to give him when he returned.

To this he replied: "My dear madam, sooner or later I fully expect to take my place in the firing line, in which case I shall have to kill, if possible, men who may very easily be better than I. I trust I shall do my duty as dauntlessly as the best, but when it is done I shall be glad to forget it. At any rate, I want no fuss of any kind—medals or civic welcomes—and any attempt at it will make me regret I was not killed outright."

A. BARTLETT.

NOT "SENTIMENTAL."

TALK to some or any of the soldiers back from the front and see how many of them are "sentimental."

One comes straight into touch with reality out there and one doesn't want stuff and nonsense about girls in the long dreary hours of waiting. Really the stay-at-home's idea of what the soldier is really like would be comic if it were not so silly.

ADDISON-ROAD, W.

WAR MARRIAGES.

THE letter column in your paper arouses the longing for argument in a good many thinking persons, and I myself consider it quite one of the most interesting pages of *The Daily Mirror*, especially when we see such letters as that of the "Soldier" from Horsham. He writes expounding such a sensible view of war matrimony.

But I do not agree with "F. G. B.," who would lead us to believe that bachelors are born and not made. Neither do I consider it very brave on a man's part to enter the married state for a few hours or days, as the case may be, and afterwards go fighting with the feeling that probably his responsibility is likely (in the event of his not returning) to be shifted to other shoulders. T. P. M.

IN answer to my many critics I see no reason to change my views. Love is undoubtedly a foolish form of infatuation, and I would urge every young soldier to remain single so that he can fight with a lighter heart and without worry. BACHELOR.

WITH reference to the letter of "Bachelor" on the subject of "Love in War Time," it is easy to judge of his status with-

out reading the signature. It is just the sort of letter one would have expected from a man who is too selfish to marry; and, by the way, I suppose he is also too selfish to join the Army, though he is without the "burden of a wife," as he terms it, unless he is physically or mentally unfit.

Seeing that he is not married himself he is hardly in a position to decide whether a wife will add to the troubles of a man going to the front. MARRIED SOLDIER.

"Daily Mirror-Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front, and it costs 6d. net, at all newsagents and book-stalls.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Seek not your life—for that is death. But seek how you can best and most joyfully give your own life away—for every morning, for ever, fresh life shall come to you from over the hills. —Edward Carpenter.

DEFENDING AN OLD BELGIAN FARM.

Q 451 C



A party of brave Belgian soldiers defending one of their farms against the invading Huns. Two are firing through the window and others through the wall, which has been loopholed. Two soldiers are quietly preparing a meal while the fight is in progress.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

P 441 B



Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire attending the memorial service to Lord Londonderry yesterday.

A GREAT RECORD.

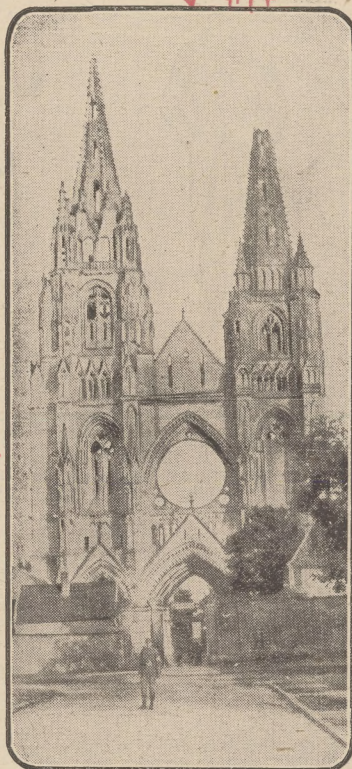
P 16994



Private E. Montague, of the K.O. Yorkshire Light Infantry, served through Boer War and Indian campaigns. Invalided now, but returning to the front soon.

A BROKEN PINNACLE.

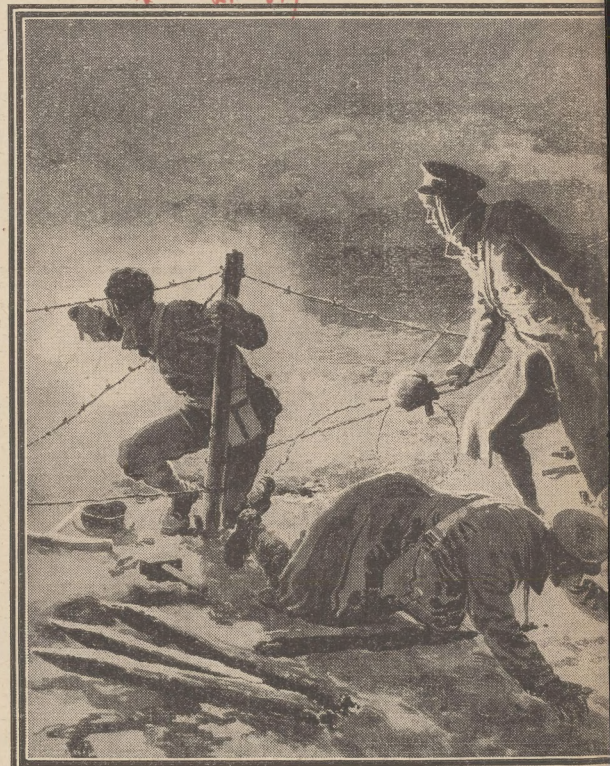
Q 917 F



The famous old monastery at Soissons was destroyed during the French Revolution. It has now been shelled by the Germans, and has thus had an unfortunate career. Note the missing pinnacle.

WORK WE SELDOM HEAR OF

Q 1917



This striking picture illustrates the hazardous and most important work which the Royal Engineers have been doing for the British Army during the winter. A party of Engineers have crept out of a trench with barbed wire tackle. They are now on the ground.

SHRAPNEL BURSTING.

Q 1911 G



This photograph gives some idea of what the eye sees when shrapnel bursts. It was taken in Flanders.

A MILITARY WEDDING.

P 16314



The marriage of Captain Guy de Hoghton, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and Miss Townley Parker in London yesterday.

IN THE WAKE

Q 1908 N



This little Belgian girl was a sound of the guns. A battle visited the battlefield and expressed simple curiosity. She is seen had been smas

BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS



which lies between the British and German armies, and are erecting a barbed wire entanglement. A magnesium flare has exposed their position.—(Reproduced from a photograph by F. Matania, by special permission of the Sphere.)

BATTLE.



she suddenly heard the explosion. Afterwards she fled from the fray with a gun carriage which was hit by a shell.

ITALY'S OLD PATRIOT.



General Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, photographed in London yesterday. He has already lost two sons fighting for France.

LONDON TRAM, BUS TSMASH.



A tram and a motor-omnibus collided in the fog yesterday morning in the Lambeth Palace-road. The damaged motor-omnibus.

TRYING TO ESCAPE WATERSPOUT.

82075 D



A waterspout with a ship stoking for all it is worth to get clear. A waterspout, or a column of water driven up by a whirlwind, will capsize a vessel. A warship put a shell into the waterspout as this photograph was taken.

BLOWN UP BY GERMANS.

9-1190 R



The ruins of the fine bridge which spanned the river at Creil, blown up when the Germans had to retreat. The Germans have throughout the war always destroyed bridges when forced to retreat.

A WELCOME SHAVE.

9-331 E



An officer takes advantage of a lull in the fighting to attend to his early morning toilet and shave.

TO HELP SERBIA.

P.2885



Lady Muriel Herbert has just left for Serbia, where she is to act as storekeeper to Lady Wimborne's hospital. She is the sister of the Earl of Pembroke.

6½d. and 3½d.

are the prices of

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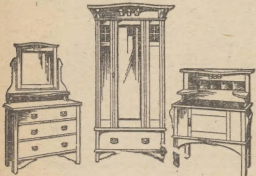
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to H.M. the King.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD



"She is a woman, therefore, may be won."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly.

"Her name is Jean Delaval. She is a governess to the Hopewells and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hopstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven tells Derek that he has fallen wholeheartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply.

Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. One night he asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Creswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a refusal.

Ashley Creswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Creswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Creswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month, and writes to Lionel and breaking off the engagement she cables to young Hopstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when they are out, man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroeder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He has booked a passage back when he suddenly meets Jean. She tells him, amongst other things, that she is quite untrue about her ever wanting to go back to South Africa.

Trench finds out that the Creswicks are playing a double game, and Lionel to pretend that he is going to Africa. Believing this, Ashley gives them the cheque for £5,000. Lionel and Derek go off to Southampton, ostensibly for Africa, but really for Folkestone to find Jean.

Unfortunately, when Derek calls on Creswick to find out that he has been tricked, he accidentally drops two chair tickets from Folkestone. Creswick is instantly suspicious, and stops the cheque.

Lionel sees Jean, and she promises to see him the next day.

LIONEL IS WORRIED.

WHEN Lionel Craven found Jean and returned to his hotel he found himself inexplicably angry at Derek's absence. The excuse his friend had made for running away so hurriedly—namely, that having achieved his well-meant purpose of bringing the two together he would only be an interloper in the future—Trench's intercourse—left no impression on him, or if it made any impression at all it was one of indignation.

Love, which has such an effect of softening rugged men, and sending only to make him harder and more selfish, bringing out prominently the strong, masculine, domineering side of his nature.

In many ways he was Derek Trench's superior. If he had not the brain of his friend, he had more moral courage and more force of character. Alone and without Derek's continual support, he could no more have engaged in the subtle game they were playing than he could have robbed the Bank of England.

Left solitary now and thrown upon his own resources, he was almost inclined to give up everything and follow his friend to Trench's tower, storm the citadel in the shape of the house at Kensington and have it with out Ashley face to face.

He imagined with a keen relish, sharpened by the bad things he had found in himself, the scene there would be when he confronted his brother. The sheer physical joy of it would be better far than this skulking in dark corners.

Left with nothing to do but to brood over the deceit and perplexity which surrounded him, his mind left Jean for a moment and dwelt on his brother's iniquity.

When he thought of Ashley's duplicity in scheming to get him out of the country while (Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

he completed his design of bringing Jean and her father to hopeless ruin, it was as much as he could do to sit quietly there. Nothing but his promise to meet Jean the next day kept him chained to his lonely post.

Inaction is always terrible to such a man, and all the more to Lionel because he had the desire to do things. His father had the desire. He could not conceive why Derek had gone. In the state into which he had worked himself it never once occurred to him that Derek, or anyone else, should want to do anything but hold himself at his disposal.

And he wanted Derek now. New questions had cropped up. There was a rival on the scene, a man who had evidently the means to lift old Delaval out of the mire. The shame of it maddened him and he was tortured with an insane jealousy at the thought of Jean as the wife of another man.

Strangely enough in one whose masculine passion was so devoid of reason, he did not visit his anger on the girl. On the contrary, he felt welling up in his heart a deep, tender pity for her.

His wrath—and it was becoming disordered and terrible—was directed almost entirely against the brother who had made these things possible by his cunning and his avarice.

A little of it overflowed on poor Derek for deserting him in his hour of need, and more on the unknown man who threatened to take his love from him. But it was Ashley who had to bear the chief brunt.

It was while he was sitting grimly with no company but his morose thoughts that he realised for the first time what a fool he had been to tell Jean it was their business capital he proposed to spend. Perhaps if he had thought a minute he would have seen that no girl of spirit could have accepted it in those circumstances.

Certainly he ought to have thought, but it was too late now.

Slowly and laboriously he hammered out his plans. He would have done with this game of concealment, this pitting of craft against craft. It was not in his line, and he would have no more of it.

He would wait until he had seen Jean tomorrow, and then he would go straight back to town. It would go hard with him if he didn't come away from his interview with Ashley without a full quitclaim for the Delaval's debt.

He didn't ask himself why Ashley should give him this. The whole of his brother's action seemed to him, in the mood in which he was, almost as brutal as the refusal that he could hardly conceive what reason for refusal could be given.

If he had reasoned it out, if he had asked himself the question he would have probably argued that Ashley had placed himself in his power by his fraudulent scheme for getting him to sail for Africa.

He was not trained in hair-splitting niceties of distinction. He could not have said whether Ashley's trick was legally punishable. He only knew that, between man and man, it could and would bring its author under a thundering denunciation, without a single rag to cover his iniquity.

His feeling towards Derek was illogical and contradictory. He partly blamed him for bringing things to such a pass with his so-called cleverness.

And yet he felt a blaze of indignation that the cleverness was not there at his disposal. He wanted some light to show him what to do next.

He was going to meet Jean tomorrow, faintly, but what fresh arguments could he advance? What further entreaties could he put forward?

He could not go back on what he had said about the money being their business capital, and he would not believe him if he did. Yet, what else was there to say? Nothing, except to beg and implore her not to take an irrevocable step.

The night passed almost without sleep. When he woke in the morning he was haggard and unrefreshed, with a prospect of the better part of the day to be spent in a continuation of his misery.

That was another thing he ought to have done, he told himself. He should either have insisted on fixing their meeting for the morning or have found out Jean's address. That was another notch in his score against Derek that his friend had gone back to London with it in his pocket.

Even the longest day passes at last, and half an hour before the time Jean had appointed he was impatiently waiting at the spot where he had left her the previous evening. She was not late, but neither was she early. Punctually to the minute he saw her in the distance hurrying towards him.

"DO TRUST ME!"

JEAN had made such miserable use as she could of the respite Lionel had given her. Slowly, out of the tangle of her thoughts, she was reaching a dimly towards some decision which, though only of a makeshift kind, would serve to tide over the necessity of committing herself then and there to an irrevocable step.

Now that she had seen Lionel again, and spoken with him and touched his hand, the sacrifice she was prepared to offer for her father's sake seemed suddenly to have become impossible.

Nor was it only of herself she was thinking. The vision of Lionel, with his haggard face and hopeless eyes, was constantly coming up before her until the memory became almost unbearable.

She had gone away from him nearly persuaded to do anything rather than see him suffer so. In her torturing uncertainty she clutched at anything which would serve to lengthen the truce between her duty and the wild desire of her heart; and while the sound of his voice was still ringing in her brain and the touch of his grasp still tingling in her fingers she was almost minded to let Ashley Creswick do his worst.

Yet a revulsion of feeling came over her when she once again entered her father's room. The change from the room she had left sleeping, was now fully awake and sitting up in bed, propped up with pillows. The manifest pleasure on his face when she came into the room smote her conscience like the blow of an axe. How could she have thought for a moment of carrying out the selfish promptings of her heart? She and Lionel were young. Bitter as was the draught they must swallow, the taste of it would go at last, but the stroke which would follow on that old sick man was death.

Her self-reproach made her very gentle with him, and she went over to the bed, administered those little touches he seemed to appreciate so much.

"I'm sorry I was out, dad. I thought I should be able to get back before you woke."

Old Delaval smoothed her hand. "My dear child," he said, "I'm not quite such a tyrant. You must go out sometimes."

Jean glanced at him with surprise. The tears welled in her eyes and there was a strange loveliness in her throat. She knew her father loved her, but she had long been unaccustomed to such kindness and thoughtfulness. It poured oil on the flames of her self-denunciation.

It had become evident to her that a change for the better had set in. Ever since he had recovered from the fit of epilepsy which had so frightened her he had begun to mend. The improvement was not merely physical but mental. He was not only that he ate better and slept better, but that his conversation was more cheerful.

And now, in the evening, there was this fresh development—an unwonted tenderness and thoughtfulness, and consideration for her welfare which she had never expected. If anything had been needed to revive her determination to save him at any cost, it was this.

It was not until all the next day, right down to the time she had arranged to meet Lionel. She went out to keep her appointment full of the thought of her father's tenderness.

Lionel was waiting for her. She saw him far away, long before she reached him, and she hurried. She wanted to get the interview over; she did not trust her own strength, and a terrible fear assailed her that her rediscovered devotion to her father would be in danger of destruction through the influence of the man she loved.

They were strangely silent when they met. There was not a trace in Lionel's manner of the cold, suppressed indignation so much in evidence the evening before. Jean could almost have wished he would start reproaching her; it would have given her strength to have realised that.

They turned tacitly towards the more secluded side of the promenade. Lionel spoke first.

"Well, Jean?" he asked.

"I don't want an answer?" she said quickly. "Please."

"I can't give you a definite one. I want you to believe, dear, that if I have to refuse you it is because there are claims on me too strong to be denied."

"If? There is a doubt, then? You don't definitely..."

"Oh, I can't face it definitely. I can't do anything definitely. Everything is indefinite. I thought I was strong, but I know now."

There was a pause for a moment while some people passed. When they were alone again Lionel waited to see what else she would say, but she remained silent.

"There's such a lot I don't understand, Jean," he said. "I am not going to distress you more than I can help; I'm only going to ask you this. Before you decide what you put"

(Continued on page 11.)

CHEMIST TELLS HOW TO STOP INDIGESTION.

Says Use of Pepsin Leads to Chronic Dyspepsia.

"It is a wonder some of us have stomachs left," remarked a well-known chemist recently. While all chemists sell scores or more of stomach remedies for which there is a wide demand, most of them are just pepsin pills, which aid digestion of the food that is in the stomach at the moment. They have no curative or strengthening effect on the stomach at all, and, of course, do not reach or cure the cause. So the same people keep on coming here and buying and using them until they are real chronic dyspeptics. When anyone really asks my advice, I swear by and recommend ordinary bisulphated magnesia, which is neither a drug nor a medicine, and doesn't digest the food at all, but acts as an antacid and sweetens the sour, fermenting contents of the stomach. That stops the pain, heartburn, sour rising, wind, floating, fulness, etc., in just a few minutes, and the stomach digests its food without help or trouble, which is the proper way. Doctors make mistakes sometimes, too," he continued. "My own aunt had all kinds of trouble with her stomach for years. She bought and used several styles of digestive pills, but got worse right along, as naturally she would. Finally she went to a doctor, who nearly scared her to death by telling her she had cancer of the stomach. She came to me with his prescription, and told me what he said. I thought it was nonsense. I sent her to another doctor whom I knew very well, and he didn't tell her anything, but just gave her this same thing, bisulphated magnesia. She took it for two weeks, and she has had any stomach trouble since, and that's three years ago. She's my own aunt, and I know this for a fact. Yes, a lot of bisulphated magnesia—note the name carefully, as other kinds are lacking in its peculiarly valuable properties—is sold in England. All the chemists have it, I suppose, and all you take is half a teaspoonful in a little water after every meal. It's all right.—(Advt.)

URILLAC

CURES RHEUMATISM AND DISPELS URIC ACID.

FREE SAMPLE We will send you a full test supply, sufficient to prove its worth, on receipt of letter and 2d. in stamps to cover postage. Address to The Urillac Co., Dept. MR., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

Urillac can be obtained of Boots' Chemists and Stores everywhere, Is. 1/6d. and 3s. 1/6d., or post free direct.

FOR COUGHS.

Ombridge's Lung Tonic

FOR COLDS.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR CHILD-ALIMENTS "CALFORIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Cleanses tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping—Children love it.

Every mother realises, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or when the breath is bad and the stomach disordered, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste matter, sour bile and undigested food passes

out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. When its little system is "stuffy" with a cold, when it has sore throat, stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside-cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a child from being ill to-morrow. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, Is. 1/6d. and 3s. 9d.—(Advt.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Gallant Soldier Prince.

This smiling soldier is Prince Alexis Karageorgewitch, cousin of King Peter of Serbia, and, like all the men in his family, a very gallant soldier and a good sportsman. Prince Alexis is coming to London in a few days on a rather important mission, and will then have an opportunity of meeting many old-time English friends. At the same time he will be able to judge for himself the extent of Britain's support of Serbia's cause.



Prince Alexis Karageorgewitch.

no va had no difficulty in taking over a fine slice of Macedonia. Some 200 of us—a mixed crew of princes, generals, officers, journalists, politicians and the motley collection of civilians who always hover about at war time—were seated in a barrack-like room in the only hotel in the place. There was a wonderful scramble for food, none of us ever having nearly enough, and I am afraid I did the Prince a disservice once by snatching away from the only waiter in the place food intended for the Prince:

His Democratic Laugh.

Like every Serb whom I have met, Prince Alexis is very democratic, and the whole of the time that I was in his company—some six or seven weeks—I was surprised to find how very unconventional he was. If anyone wanted to talk to the Prince they merely had to walk up to him. Privates and civilians in distress, journalists who could get no information, officers with some slight grievance, would come up to the Prince. He would listen to what they had to say, give them a cigarette, some cheerful advice and, with a smile, would send them away contented.

Serbia's War Dance.

Perhaps the jolliest evening I ever had was when we got the news of the final crushing of the Turks, when the "kollo," an almost sacred war dance among Serbs, was danced. Prince Alexis led the dancing. A curiously plaintive tune was played by a band, and first one and then another joined the Prince until, in the end, more than a hundred of us had joined hands, and the dance became almost frenzied.

Yesterday's Wedding.

My fair Gossip who went to the wedding of Captain Guy de Hoghton, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and Miss Violet Caroline Townley Townley-Parker, at All Saints, Margaret-street, yesterday, tells me that it was a very pretty one. The church was decorated with masses of lilies and palms, and on the wide marble chancel rail stood dark green bowls filled with lilies.

Orange Blossom Coronet.

The bride was given away by her mother. She was dressed in soft ivory satin and tulle, the bodice relieved with a little silver embroidery and a lace collar, while from the shoulders fell a Court train of satin and gathered tulle, and she wore a plain tulle veil with a full coronet of orange blossom.

A Good Old Custom.

But one of the features of the wedding, I hear, was the reversion of the bride and bridegroom to the much pleasanter, I think, way of leaving the church. They drove away in the old-fashioned style—behind a pair of greys. Motor-car weddings never seem quite the gay and festive things that weddings ought to be. A motor-car is such a prosaic sort of thing. The prancing greys with white rosetted coachman are the thing, and they tell me that the coachman is coming into his own again at weddings. I hope he is.

Benbow's Orchestra.

Wearily of waiting for the day when the German Fleet will come out and do battle, certain musicians on board the Dreadnought Benbow have decided to form an orchestra and assist the passage of time by a little music. I saw a letter yesterday from a midshipman who is serving in the ship, asking that his violin should be sent at once. I have heard him play, and infer that the Benbow orchestra will not attack the more earnest classics, but is likely to make a great success of popular selections.

Mr. Graves's Little Joke.

I dropped in to see Mr. George Graves in his dressing-room at Drury Lane a night or so ago, and had a most amusing experience. For a brief space I was promoted to be chief comedian—with the earnest help and assistance of Mr. Graves himself. My performance, in a sense, was a private one. It all took place in the dressing-room before, mercifully, a very select audience.

The Glass That Did.

I raised my first hearty laugh the moment I entered the door and hung my hat up on a peg which Mr. Graves kindly intimated. The peg immediately collapsed, and the hat—a new one on Monday—fell with a pleasant "plop" into a particularly large and dirty coal-box. Mr. Graves was very grieved. "Have a whisky and soda," he said, sympathetically. I took the glass gratefully, and raised it to the level of my mouth the majority of the contents sprayed all over my face and shirt-front. The applause was terrific.

Flannel Sandwiches.

After that I was given a rest and a new-comer had a turn. He gave quite a popular entertainment. I don't remember everything that he did, but one thing was to try to eat a piece of cheese which seemed to be made of soap and a sandwich whose interior was pink flannel. When he became peevish he was given refreshment out of the fatal glass. That finished it.

L'Origine's Gift.

Among yesterday's reinforcements for our football campaign was one ball accompanied by this little note: "L'Origine, a French bulldog, presents her compliments and sends the attached as a contribution towards the Football Fund. It was bought with prize money won at her last show." L'Origine also sent her photograph, which I publish here to encourage other good dogs to do likewise. And my thanks to L'Origine and her master or mistress.



L'Origine.

Send a Football to "Tommy."

Our football campaign has grown wonderfully, like the other campaign "out there." We roll up reinforcements, and "Tommy" rolls up applications. And neither of us gets much "forrader." We are in our eighteenth hundred now—a glorious total—but "Tommy" thinks nothing of it. He is always writing for more. And, following "Tommy's" example, I ask for more. I should hate to disappoint "Tommy"; wouldn't you? So help me to raise another hundred footballs quickly, please. Don't forget, each football means fun for fifty men.

Novelist of the Sea.

War nearly robbed England of her greatest writer of the sea. A publisher told me yesterday that Joseph Conrad, whose own life is almost as romantic as his wonderful stories, was in Poland hard at work on a new novel when he found himself in the midst of the war. Conrad "sat tight," went on with his work, and is now safely out of the turmoil. He is one of those few authors of indisputable genius.

Gold Seeker.

He sought for gold up Malay rivers in canoes, commanded wool schooners on the Australian coast; he was in charge of steamers on the Congo, and ran caravans on the West Coast. Then his health broke down, and he began to write. Mr. Conrad is a Pole—now a naturalised British subject—and when he first thought of novel writing he deliberately chose English as the best vehicle for his expression, though knowing Polish, French, German and English equally well.

Regimental Cigarettes.

We are all very military nowadays, even the oldest of us. Now I see militarism has spread to cigarettes. The thing to do is to smoke cigarettes with the badge of your regiment or corps on the paper. If you are not a soldier you buy cigarettes for your friends who are and send them their smokes correctly labelled. I hear that you can get cigarettes "crested and badged" for any unit of the Army. The only thing left to do now is for some enterprising firm to bring out a special constabulary cigarette.

A "Youthful" Producer.

The other day, just outside the Haymarket Theatre, a friend who likes to do his talking on the pavement remarked that the British stage had no brilliant young producers. And at that moment from the doors of the Haymarket there issued a venerable figure, with long silvery hair and an lavender coat of picturesque pattern.



Mr. Hugh Moss.

It was Mr. Hugh Moss. Now, Mr. Moss is not a youth, but he is the most youthful of our producers.

Pageant King.

Only a little time ago he produced the old comedy, "The Recruiting Officer," at the Haymarket for two performances. But his most recent successes on a big scale have been made with pageants. When the pageant boom was at its zenith Moss proved himself the most practical historian in the country. I am glad to see him still so young in spirit.

Sir G. Frampton Serving.

There has been no lack of patriotism among our exponents of the fine arts; authors, painters, musicians, sculptors—you will find them serving their country in various capacities. Among the last named is Sir George Frampton, who recently played the part of "facial expert" in the Slingsby case. Sir George, I see, has given his services for home defence.

What Sir George Overheard.

The famous sculptor tells a delightful story concerning his statue of the late Mr. Quintin Hogg, which was erected in Langham-place, under the shadow of the Polytechnic. Sir George was passing through Langham-place shortly after the statue had been unveiled, when he saw a large crowd of young men eagerly discussing the monument. Curious as to what their opinions of the work were, he mixed with them, and learnt that they thought the statue had been erected to some man who had played a wonderful game.

Didn't Know Himself.

Their attention, it seems, was concentrated on the boy and the ball, and quite a heated dispute was in progress as to whether it was an Association or a Rugby ball. "I can't tell you which it was myself, for I don't know," adds Sir George in telling the story. "You see, the ball was lent me from the Polytechnic!"

The Reformed Plumber.

Those who know tell me that the plumber is a reformed character. The old-time pipe-smasher who could turn a small leak into a veritable flood in five minutes has gone, and a new type of plumber, trained and certificated, reigns in his stead. I asked who performed this miracle, and I was told the Worshipful Company of Plumbers.

An Excellent Work.

For years past this company has maintained a system of serious instruction for plumbers, and has refused to allow workmen to call themselves "registered plumbers" unless they qualified themselves. This registration is partially recognised by the public, and the system has resulted in plumbers not registered being restrained by law from so describing themselves. May the splendid work of the Plumbers' Company continue.

"The Duke of Ludgate Circus."

The publication of the revised roll of the baronetage up to the end of last year has, I see, already diminished the ardour of certain people for assuming titles to which they have no right. Which reminds me of an interesting piece of information once given to me by a Herald to the effect that I was at liberty, if so disposed, to call myself the Duke of Ludgate Circus. No such title had ever existed, so no one could lay prior claim to it; and so long as such a dukedom did not exist and I made no attempt to claim dual rights, the law would allow me to keep my name. But I must not expect to find it in Debrett!

Another Omen.

Special tip for Von-Tirpitz. Mr. Nelson's Blockade Runner won again at Windsor yesterday. Submarine was not in the betting, I hear.

THE RAMBLER.

To-day's Toilet Hints.

THE LATEST AND SMARTEST
BEAUTY RECIPES COLLECTED
FROM VARIOUS EXPERT
BEAUTY WRITERS.

A "Blackhead" Secret.

An instantaneous remedy for blackheads, oily skin and enlarged pores.

Blackheads, oily skins and enlarged pores usually go together, but can be instantly corrected by a unique new process. A tablet of stymol, obtained from the chemist, is dropped in a tumbler of hot water which will then of course "fizz" briskly. When the effervescence has subsided the face is bathed with the stymol-charged water and then dried with a towel. The offending blackheads, of their own accord, come right off on the towel, the large oily pores immediately contract and efface themselves naturally. There is no squeezing, forcing or any drastic action. The skin is left uninjured, smooth, soft and cool. A few such treatments should be taken at intervals of three or four days thereafter in order to ensure the permanence of the pleasing result so quickly obtained.

Grey Hair—Home Remedy.

An old-fashioned home-made recipe restores youthful appearance.

There are plenty of reasons why grey hair is not desirable and plenty of reasons why hair dyes should not be used. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you should have grey hair if you do not want it. To turn the hair back to a natural colour is really a very simple matter. One has only to get from the chemist an ounce of concentrate of tannalite and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair with a small sponge for a few nights and the greyness will gradually disappear. This liquid is not sticky or greasy and does not injure the hair in any way. It has been used for generations with most satisfactory results by those who have known the formula.

To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

"Home Science."

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered phenol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair, but also to actually kill the roots, so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of phenol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions.

"Health and Beauty."

It is an accepted fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars and bottles, and the longer one uses cosmetics the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must expel, through the pores, its share of the body's effete material. Creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing. If more women understood this there would be fewer self-ridden complexions. If they would use ordinary mercised wax instead of cosmetics they would have natural healthy complexions.

About Hair Tonics.

"Novel Recipes."

Each week almost one hears of some wonderful discovery for improving the hair, and, although this paragraph may seem a little superfluous, an old-fashioned recipe may come as a welcome change. One thing about it is that it will grow hair, and also prevent it falling out. From your chemist get an original package of boronum, to this add 4-pint of bay rum, allow it to stand 30 minutes, then add sufficient water to make half a pint. Rub briskly into the scalp with the finger-tips and you will immediately experience that clean tingling sensation which is a sure sign of healthy action.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL PER-
RIES FOR BEAUTY.—(Advt.)



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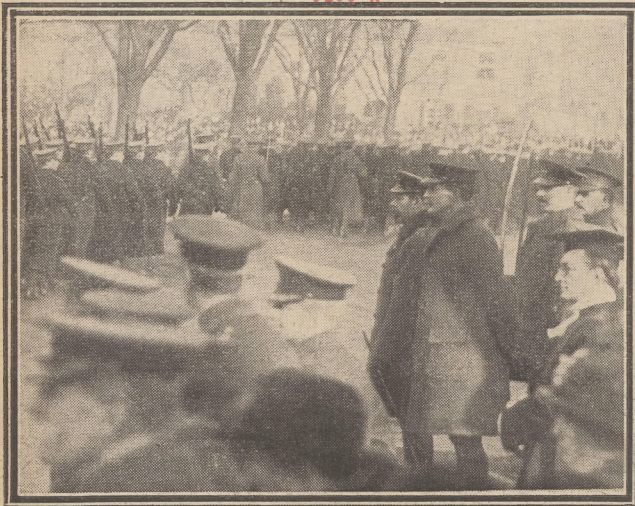
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THE KING AT A CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

P. 8600 K



The King watching the march past. There were thousands of soldiers, the men belonging to the Welsh Division and the Cambridgeshire Regiment of the new Army.

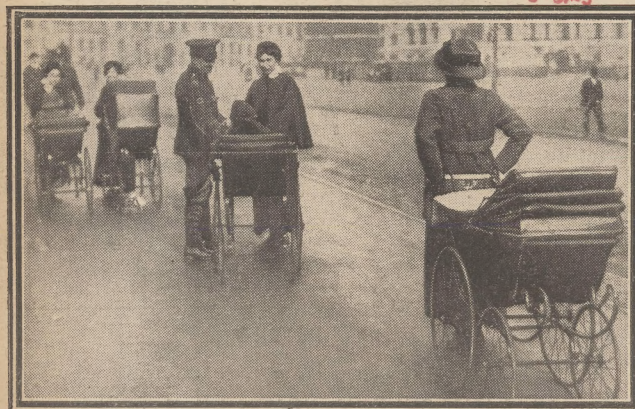
P. 8600 K



His Majesty chatting with Sir Adolphus Ward, the aged master of Peterhouse. Holding a mortar board is the master of Emmanuel.

YOUNG ENGLAND'S PROMENADE.

9.643 N



The Horse Guards Parade is a favourite promenade for young England and its nurses. The soldiers are objects of great admiration to the children, while the nurses, it may be said, are not wholly indifferent to the brave fellows.

GERMAN WEARS KILT IN NEW PLAY.

P. 1266 L



Sir Adalbert Schurzalt, the German, is always unlucky at cards when he plays with Robert Blaine.

P. 1266 L

P. 1266 L



Sir Adalbert (who is wearing a kilt) and Phoebe.



Harry Blaine (Mr. Reginald Owen) enjoys getting better.

Mr. H. B. Irving produced a new play entitled "Searchlights" at the Savoy Theatre last night. He plays Robert Blaine, while Mr. Holman Clarke is the German. Miss Margery Maude appears as Phoebe.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

"WATER AND LOVE" IN DIVORCE COURT.

P. 1699 L

P. 1699 L



Mr. W. Blake Scoble and his wife, from whom he seeks a divorce. "Can a man live without water? No. Neither can I live without you," is an extract from a letter asserted to have been written by the co-respondent.